A right Godly and Christian *A.B.C.* shewing the duty of every degree.

To the tune of *Rogero.*

ARise and wake from wickednesse.
repent and thou shalt live:
Or else with sword and pestilence,
the Lord God will thee grieve.

BEware of Lust and Lecherie,
keepe thou thy body chast:
Or else frequent the remedy,
that Paul doth say thou mayst.

COnfesse thy sinnes as David did,
and turne unto the Lord;
So will thee heare before thou call,
as Esay doth record.

DEale with thy neighbour mercifully,
deceive no man by guile:
Take heed of all extortion,
it will thy soule defile.

EXamine well thy wicked life,
hide not thy councell deepe:
The Lord God threatneth woe to them,
that secret sinnes doe keepe.

FLy theft and all unworthinesse,
and labour in the Lord:
The ground of sinne is idlenesse,
with vices it is stor'd.

GIve almes unto thy children deare,
and turne not from the poore:
Lend to the needy man thy goods,
his pledge to him restore.

HUrt not thy neighbour wittingly,
in body goods or name:
Remit offences willingly,
lest God revenge the same.

IF God doe blesse thee with his gifts,
of worldly goods, and store:
Let not thy heart on them be set,
but praise the Lord therefore.

KEepe not thy hyre lings wages backe,
God will his cry regard:
In poore mens matters be not slacke,
the Lord will thee reward.

LOve every man unfainedly,
hate no man in thy heart:
Despise the way of wicked men,
pray God they may convert.

MInister Justice Magistrates,
you Masters kindly deale:
You Parents all lest Gods curse fall,
let youth correction feele.

NO guilefull speech, nor lying talke
use thou in any wayes:
Eschew all evill, in goodnesse walke,
if thou wilt see good dayes.

OPpresse no man by slory,
refuse unlawfull gains:
Give plentifully unto the poore,
Christ will thee pay againe.

PDefile your soules with patience,
against the wicked world:
Powre out your prayers with reverence,
before the living Lord

QUarrel with none quench such desire,
to anger be not bent:
Remember God is mercifull,
when sinners doe repent.

REdeemed from the curse we are,
by Christ to live with him:
Our members let us mortifie,
which are all bent to sinne.

SAnctifie the Sabbath, serve the Lord,
from labour see thou rest
Then God will have regard on thee,
and make thy labour blest.

TAke heed you lobe no swearing false,
sweare not by God in vaine:
Let all your talke attend unto
the honour of his Name.

VSe no deceit nor unjust meanes,
to compasse worldly wealth:
Extortion, fraud, and usuries,
and all such things are stealth.

VVAlke not in worldly lusts as
such worldly darkenesse
But walke as children of the light,
as Christ himselfe begun.

XAmples many are set forth,
against the drunken sort:
What deadly plagues are due to them
the Scriptures doe report.

YOng folke be sober and chast of
let Gods word be your guide:
Make cleane your hearts before the
and never from him slide.

ZAche a Publican S. Luke doth
what zeale to Christ he had:
But to behold our Jewish hearts,
alas it is too bad.

& Plainely Luke doth specifie,
of that mans Godly mind:
How to the poore most liberally,
halfe his goods he assign'd.

EST, in English doth specifie,
in speech a Latine Verbe:
Into our hearts Lord powre thy Spirit
whereby we may be stirr'd

TO sigh and groane unfainedly,
with sorrow for our sinne:
And for to seeke the remedie,
a new life to begin.

AMen, God grant we lose no time,
to walke whilst we have light
That finally we may possesse,
the heavenly joyes most bright.

OUr noble King with Nestors
the Lord God long ensue,
With Sampsons strength and Salomons
his foes for to subdue.

GOd grant his grace, great joy
with pleasure here beneath:
To rule and reigne the Royall seat,
so long as he hath breath.

FINIS.

Printed at London for *Henry Gosson.*

A Christian conference betvveene

Christ and a Sinner, wherein is shewed the Love of Christ towards Mankinde, and the paines which he suffered upon the Croſſe for our ſinnes together with the wickednesſe of our corrupt natures toward him for the ſame To the tune of Goe to bed ſweet heart.

I Am a poore ſinner, how ſhould I begin,
to fall from my folly and horrible ſin,
I know not to whom I ſhould make my complaint
my ſins are ſo hainous my heart it doth faint.
My conſcience accuſeth me, no man can comfort me
Succour me ſweet Chriſt I would come to thee.

Chriſt.

O thou ſinfull creature why doſt thou diſpaire,
canſt thou not ſettle thy ſelf unto prayer:
By faith and repentance if thou wilt relent,
and fall from the former life thou haſt ill ſpent;
And turn away from thy ſin, that's the way to begin
I that redeemed thee bids thee come to me,

The Sinner.

Alas, when to pray to thee I have intended,
My conſcience doth tell me I have ſo offended
That thou wilt deny my requeſt in my prayer,
and this (O Lord) cauſeth me thus to diſpaire.
My conſcience accuſeth me, &c.

Chriſt.

Where doſt thou finde in my holy bible,
that nothing with me can be unpoſſible:
For were thine iniquity never ſo great,
my mercy ſurpaſſeth it, if thou wilt intreat,
And turn away, &c

Sinner.

O how my body doth tremble and ſhake,
my ſoul is unquiet my heart it doth ake:
The Devil doth temp and leave me to ill,
enforcing that thou wilt be angry ſtill.
My conſcience accuſeth me, &c.

Chriſt.

Beleeve not the Devill for all his delay,
for his ſubtill ſleight is to work thy decay:
Think how I converted my Apoſtle S. Paul,
by mercy and favour which I give to you all.
Turn away. &c.

Sinner.

How apt is ill counſell to lead me to vice,
how doth the world daily my fancy intice,
Adverſity pincheth me every houre,
I dread not thy judgement, thy juſtice and power.
My conſcience accuſeth me, &c.

Chriſt.

O earth and ſlime learne thou to ſhun all annoy,
and ſuffer with patience, ſo ſhalt thou have joy,
Conſider what paine I have ſuffered for thee,
enduring all torments to ſet thy ſoule free,
Then turn away, &c.

Sinner.

O my ſweet Saviour, I cannot denye,
but that for my filthy offence thou didſt die,
And what cruell pangs thou abidſt in the Garden,
and daily ſweet Jeſus thou pleadſt for my pardon

Chriſt.

Then ſince thou confeſſeſt that I am thy Saviour,
behold which way thou ſhalt attain to my favour
Examine thy ſinnes and be ſorry therefore,
and never commit ſuch offence any more.
Then turne away, &c.

Sinner.

Alas, I am feeble and have not the face,
take hold of thy promiſe except thy ſweet grace,
My carcaſſe is filthy and nothing but clay,
ſend help I beſeech thee or elſe I decay,
My conſcience accuſeth me, &c.

Chriſt.

If once I do ſee thee be ſorry in heart,
amending thy life, and in time will convert,
Let nothing diſmay thee for I will receive thee,
let all thy familiar and worldly friends leave thee
Then turn away, &c.

Sinner.

Then Lord in thy mercy is all my whole ſtay,
permit not foule Satan to caſt me away,
From that filthy tyrant ſweet Jeſus defend me.
he leads my affections, and ſtill doth attend me.
And daily he telleth me, no man, &c.

Chriſt.

Say to him thus when he would thee devoure,
avoid wicked Satan thou haſt no more power,
But that which my God doth permit unto thee,
thou haſt not the power to be maſter ore me,
Beleeve not his treacherie, that's the, &c.

Sinner.

I thanke thee ſweet Jeſus that of thy good grace,
thou ſtandeſt to aſſiſt me in every place.
Yet I am diſloyall unjuſt and perverſe,
no creature more filthy that I can rehearſe.
My conſcience accuſeth me, &c.

Chriſt.

Take up thy croſſe and follow then me,
with patience continue and look that thou be,
For all thine offences repentant with ſorrow,
thinke death is at hand to preſent thee to morrow,
Then turn away from thy ſin, thats the way to begin
I that redeemed thee bids thee come to me.

Sinner.

My filthy unworthyneſſe here I confeſſe,
forgive me, O Saviour and ſend me redreſſe:
Encreaſe my faith and patience that I may
attaine to thy preſence, and boldly may ſay,
Depart from me vanity, Chriſt hath releaſed me,
Succour me ſweet Chriſt, I would come to thee.

FINIS.

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